

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

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HELEN HAS AN EVENTFUL EVENING OF STRANGE AND UNNERVING ADVENTURES

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Mabel Herbert Urner

"Stop at the first subway station," instructed Warren, as he sprang into the cab and slammed the door after him.

"Oh, if we'd only got off before that phone rang! I'll feel so awkward going there alone," Helen drew her evening wrap closer about her bare shoulders.

"I've never even met her." "You've met him," impatiently. "Explain that I had a long-distance call at the last moment and had to go back to the office to send off some papers. Don't let them wait dinner—I'll be there as soon as I can."

Here the taxi drew up, Warren sprang out, repeated the address, "27 East — street," to the driver, waved his hat to Helen, and disappeared down the subway steps.

Speeding on, Helen shrank farther back in the seclusion of the cab, intent on the ordeal before her. Although Mr. Gardner, who was one of Warren's clients, had dined with them several months before, Helen had never met Mrs. Gardner, which increased the awkwardness of her going alone.

That they were wealthy she knew, but she was not prepared for the pretentious mansion before which the cab finally stopped.

The massive bronze doors were opened by a gold-laced footman, and Helen found herself in a magnificent hallway hung with tapestries.

Warren had said that the Gardners lived rather well, but this palatial grandeur was most disconcerting. Relieved of her wraps, with confused uncertainty Helen made her way up the marble staircase, at the top of which stood another liveried servant.

In the white and gold room beyond were a number of guests, the women brilliantly gowned. Anxiously Helen looked about for Mr. Gardner, her color deepening as she waited in shrinking embarrassment.

As another couple entered, the hostess, a tall woman in a marvelous jeweled gown, detached herself from a chattering group and came forward. She greeted the newcomers, and then turned to Helen, extending her hand with murmured formality and a look of puzzled inquiry.

"I'm Mrs. Curtis," stammeringly. "Just as we started Mr. Curtis had a long-distance call from Washington, and had to go back to the office. He said he knew you'd pardon him—he'll be here before dinner's over."

"Oh, certainly," vaguely, passing on to greet other guests.

Everyone seemed to know everyone else. Only Helen stood in isolated conspicuousness. From the invitation she had thought it was to be an informal dinner party with only a few guests, but there were at least 50 people here now.

Talking with a group under a glittering chandelier, Mrs. Gardner kept glancing toward her. There was a haughty aloofness, almost hostility, in her gaze. Was it because of Warren's delay?

Now she had moved toward the door and was speaking to the footman. Instantly the man shot Helen a swift, suspicious glance.

What did it mean? What kind of a hostess was Mrs. Gardner so to isolate any one of her guests?

Here two servants entered, each with a large silver tray laden with cocktails. Not wishing to seem more conspicuous by refusing, Helen took one of the glasses, her hand trembling as she lifted it from the tray.

She was quiveringly conscious that the doorman was watching her, and one of the guests to whom Mrs. Gardner was talking now glanced at her curiously. Plainly bewildered and indignant, Helen stood in helpless confusion.

When the glasses were collected, returning hers untouched to the tray, she asked with low-voiced intensity, "Isn't Mr. Gardner here?"

The man stared, then passed on with a haughty, "I do not know, madam."

As he left the room he was stopped by the doorman. For a moment they stood in whispered conversation, and Helen, with anguished self-consciousness, knew that it was of her they were speaking.

The situation was unbearable. She would wait for Warren in the dressing room. She would make him take her home. Not even at the risk of estranging an influential client would she dine at this house.

With averted eyes Helen crossed the room, flinching conscious of the curious glances that followed her. The attendant stood stiffly motionless as she passed him, but when she reached the stairs he was beside her.

"Pardon me, madam. Is there anything you wish?"

"I shall wait downstairs for my husband."

"Oh, I guess not," with a sneer, his respectful servility falling from him like a mask. "You're not expecting anybody here."

"What do you mean?" paled Helen. Then, impelled by an unreasoning fear, she flew down the stairs and into the dressing room, but the man was close behind.

Pushing ahead, he spoke to the maid in voluble French. Then in brutal English, "Give her her things—and see that she takes nothing else."

The girl, staring insolently, brought Helen's wraps, which the flunky examined, running his hand in the inner white satin pocket of her coat.

"What does all this mean?" hysterically.

"Oh, come now, none of that! If you've pinched anything you got it down here, for I was wise to you the minute you came up."

"Send Mr. Gardner to me at once!" Helen almost screamed. "I'll know from him if stupid servants can insult his guests."

"Mr. Gardner?" leeringly. "So that's your game? Going to pretend you're in the wrong house?"

"Wrong house!" breathed Helen.

"Come now," roughly throwing her wrap about her. "That's too old! You're lucky you're getting off so easy, but Mrs. Van Klein don't want any newspaper publicity. You came near fooling her, because you didn't look the part. Now you make a quick get-away. Want a taxi?"

With a sobbing cry Helen broke away, and dashed down the wide hall toward the bronze doors, her wrap falling from her shoulders.

"Let me out! Oh, you must let me out!" wildly, for a footman, alertly suspicious, had placed himself obstructively before the door.

"It's all right, Hopkins, let her out," called the man who had followed from the dressing room.

The door opened, and Helen found herself stumbling down the steps under the wind-flapped awning.

As she gave one fearful backward glance, for an instant the gift number "21" on the outer glass door held her petrified. The cabman had mistaken the slanted-top "one" for a "seven."

The lounging chauffeurs sat up in wondering attention as Helen flew by, her bare head, flowing wrap and white satin slippers, an incongruous figure in the chill, mist-driven night.

Turning the first corner to more quickly escape, she sped down two long blocks before she stopped breathless, panting and still half-dazed.

Must she go back to "27"? That would be within a few doors of the other house. The thought made her sick with fear and revulsion.

It was the quiet dinner hour, and the streets were mostly deserted, but the occasional passerby stared at her curiously.

Pausing at a crossing, desperately she signaled an approaching taxi. She was too unstrung—she would go back home. But the cab drawing nearer, through the glass door she caught the gleam of a white shirt front and a high silk hat.

As the driver slowed up for the crossing, the door was flung open and the passenger sprang out. He was coming toward her. Terrified, she started to run—then stopped with a piercing, "Warren! Warren!"

The next moment he had her in the cab, where her taut nerves gave way. Striving vainly to calm her, Warren ordered the man to drive around the block.

With broken incoherence Helen finally sobbed out her story.

"Well, that was some adventure, Kitten," soothing her hair with unaccustomed solicitude. "Too upset for the dinner? Want me to take you home?"

But with a throbbing lurch, the cab now drew up before "27," a modest brownstone house, very unlike the ostentatious mansion a few doors beyond.

"Come on," urged Warren. "You'll be better off here than brooding over it at home. We're pretty late, but I'll do the explaining."

"Oh, I'm all to pieces," tremulously. "I left my gloves—and look!" thrusting out a foot, its slender whiteness splashed with mud.

"Now, never mind about the slippers. And don't go slicking down your hair—leave it loose like that. Come on!" He had sprung to the curb and was lifting her out.

"That's the house—the one with the awning!" with a terrified glance at the pretentious entrance just ahead.

"Looks like Van Klein's new place. By George, that's what it is!"

"Van Klein?" excitedly. "That's the name! You know them?"

"Lunched with him Saturday. Guess I can fix this up," grimly. "Van Klein and his crowd want to keep in with me till they get their new franchise. You'll have a letter of apology from Mrs. Van Klein within a week or I'll miss my guess. Buck up now," briskly, as he helped her up the steps. "Think of the humble pie that 'umptious dame's got to digest!"

A Fib.

The pupils in an Alabama school were asked to construct a sentence containing the word "amphibious." As quick as a flash a boy gave out the following: "Most fish stories are fibious."

All for the Best.

"Many of our disappointments are blessings in disguise."

"Beyond a doubt. When I was a very small boy I was fearfully grieved because I couldn't manage to become a pirate."

Pure Kaolin Is Rare.

Pure kaolin or China clay is rare. It is mined in parts of Alabama, Delaware, Georgia, Massachusetts, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Florida, Missouri, Tennessee and several other states. There are workable deposits of fireclays in 18 states, important deposits being in western Pennsylvania, in the coal-mining region of Ohio, in a belt across New Jersey from Perth Amboy to Trenton, in parts of Maryland, Missouri, Alabama and Colorado. Ball clay is mined in New Jersey, Kentucky, Missouri, Colorado and Florida. Brick clay of good quality is found in nearly every state in the Union. A very plastic clay, known as gumbo, is found in the Southern states.

Burning Candle at Both Ends.

Of course, unhappiness is the cause of divorce, and much of the unhappiness is due to the circumstance that the wife has nothing to do at home in the daytime and the husband has entirely too much to do downtown at night.—Houston Post.

Golden Eagle Killed.

Elwood, Ind.—A golden eagle, measuring 7½ feet between the tips of its extended wings, was killed southwest of Elwood, near Aroma, recently, by Arza Leeman. The bird was brought here to be mounted.

ANIMALS WILL NOT ATTACK

Man Has Nothing to Fear From Wild Creatures of Forest Who Will Flee at His Approach.

In North America, barring the venomous snakes, an occasional old she-bear, with very young cubs, and peccary or wild hawilla hogs that go in droves among the brush of the southwest, there is nothing, absolutely nothing, in the wild animal line that the merest child out alone after dark needs to fear, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger. Such is the fear of man, engendered by the long use of firearms and traps and before that by stout bows and flint-pointed arrows, spears and heavy, spiked war clubs or stone axes, that the human scent is enough to send bears, wolves and cats along with the deer and lesser creatures, scampering in retreat.

Old hunters and woodmen declare that it is actually more difficult, as a general thing, to come within shooting distance of a bear than it is of deer, and in many sections this is proved by the fact that the bear still hold their

own after the deer have been exterminated, though more hunters and dogs go out after bear meat than those seeking venison.

Twin Oak and Pine.

There is in Stevens Point, Wis., a pine tree and an oak tree growing from the same stump. Both are 15 feet or more in height. Apparently the trees are branches growing from a common root and one of the peculiarities of the combination is that the bark of the pine does not appear normal. It appears to have been impregnated with some of the qualities of the oak.

Adam's Ale as a Beautifier.

Of course, you know that you never will have a clear white skin unless your diet is right. It is most important to drink plenty of water, from six to eight glasses at intervals during the day. You should avoid rich pastry or sweets, and see that your diet consists as much as possible of simple, easily digested foods. Fresh air and exercise will also help to improve the complexion.—Exchange.

MOVES HOUSE 1,850 MILES

Los Angeles Family Goes to Edmonton, Can., and Takes Home With Them.

Los Angeles.—It is not an uncommon sight to encounter a house upon rollers in the middle of a street and in the process of being transported to a new location some distance away, but it is seldom that a house is taken to pieces, the parts transported more than 1,800 miles, and once more put to-

gether again. This is exactly what has happened, however, with the residence of J. E. Storer of this city. The Storer family recently decided to make its home hereafter in Edmonton, Canada, and for some reason, not generally known to the public, they took their house with them. A corps of workmen was engaged, the house taken down piece by piece, each carefully marked and done up in neat bundles and loaded upon a steamship for transportation to Vancouver, and thence by rail to Edmonton. It will not be long, there-

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Inciting to Exhortation.

"What was the idea of you men getting out with firearms and using harsh language last night?"

"Well," replied Broncho Bob, "since they put hard liquor out of business Crimmon Gulch has been mighty quiet. Nobody seems to take any interest in us. We thought maybe we could get back enough reputation for wickedness to induce some evangelist to jump in and give us a red-hot talk."—Washington Star.

Quite True.

"Experience is the best teacher." "Yes, but time gives us a good many more wrinkles."

Too often the wife's yearning capacity is larger than the husband's earning capacity.

A uniform for farm hands might help some.

First Dreadnaught.

It is hard to realize that the original dreadnaught is now ten years old, and that, big as it is, close upon 18,000 tons, it has been far surpassed in tonnage and armament, observes an exchange. It gave a new word to the world, for the name of the ship, one of the traditional names of the British navy, is now applied to all ships of its class in every country. The word has taken the place of man of war, line of battle ship, and ironclad. Even now we have been obliged to go one better and the word superdreadnaught has arisen. It is interesting to hark back to the most famous of Nelson's ships, probably the most famed vessel which ever sailed the sea, the Victory, and to compare it with even the first dreadnaught. The latter took 14 months to complete and cost \$9,000,000, while the Trafalgar flagship, a little over 2,000 tons, required many years to build and cost only \$415,000, a sum at that time considered colossal.

Envy.

"Gosh," said the traveling man, "but I surely envy you, those fine home-cooked meals you get every day." "Gosh," replied the stay-at-home, "but I certainly envy you traveling men who can eat whatever you like in a hotel, while I must go up against the skimpy meals that my wife thinks necessary under her food pledge."

How True.

She—Why isn't distance on the water measured in miles? He—Because it's knot.

Mistakes will happen—and if a fellow isn't on the job every minute they'll pile up, too.

"Who Will Win This Battle?"

Much of your comfort depends upon knowing that your system will perform its functions properly.

Your kidneys are the filters of the body. If they become inactive and fail to eliminate the waste matter, they are apt to throw the whole mechanism of the body out of order, thus toxic poisons can accumulate in the system and be as deadly as snake venom.

Besides causing the minor ailments of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and backaches, neglect of the kidneys is apt to develop into more serious diseases, such as diabetes or stone in the bladder.

Rid the body of toxic poisons—clean the bladder and kidneys and cure the twinges of rheumatism with Anuric (double strength).

Anuric was first discovered by Dr. Pierce, and has benefited thousands of sufferers as well as appeased and eliminated the ravages of the more serious kidney diseases. Now procurable at any good drug store for 60 cents.

If you have rheumatism or kidney trouble, why not let Dr. Pierce's Anuric (double strength) win the battle?

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—"Both my husband and I are very enthusiastic over what Anuric has done for us. It cured me of rheumatism in the hands and feet, and also uncomfortable bloatings. Just a week's treatment with Anuric made me feel like a different person. My husband took this medicine for backache and high colored kidney excretion and it made a wonderful change in him. The backache has entirely disappeared and the water has cleared up splendidly. We cannot say too much in praise of Anuric. In fact, I wouldn't keep house without it."—MRS. CORA MORLEY, 5307 Bower Avenue.



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CONSTIPATION

IS HUMANITY'S GREATEST FOE

It is always a terror to old people and a menace at some time or another to every human being, young or old. It is the forerunner of more ills and suffering than almost any of NATURE'S DANGER SIGNALS and should never be allowed to go unheeded. At the very first indication of constipation get DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS which for 72 years has been successfully used for this most prevalent of all disorders. For sale by druggists and dealers everywhere.

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

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You know that when you sell or buy through the sales you have about one chance in fifty to escape SALE STABLE DISTEMPER. SPOHN'S is your true protection, your only safeguard, for as sure as you treat all your horses with it, you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive, no matter how they are "exposed." 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 dozen bottles, at all good druggists, horse goods houses, or delivered by the manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Manufacturers, Goshee, Ind., U.S.A.



Notice to Sick Women

The Experience of These Women Prove That There is a Remedy for Your Illness.

Aberdeen, Idaho.—"Last year I suffered from a weakness with pains in my side and back. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I did so. After taking one bottle I felt very much better. I have now taken three bottles and feel like a different woman. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine I have ever taken and I can recommend it to all suffering women."—Mrs. PERCY PRESTIDGE, Aberdeen, Idaho.

Kingfisher, Okla.—"For two years I suffered with a severe female trouble, was nervous, and had backache and a pain in my side most of the time. I had dizzy spells and was often so faint I could not walk across the floor. The doctor said I would have to have an operation. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking ten bottles I am now well and strong, have no pain, backache or dizzy spells. Every one tells me how well I look and I tell them Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did it."—Miss NINA SOUTHWICK, R. F. D. No. 4, Box 33, Kingfisher, Okla.

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His Home Paper.

What shall you send him when he's in training camp or over there? A letter? By all means, that foremost and oftenest? And after that, what? Some foolish little knock-knock which is neither quite ornamental nor entirely serviceable? Or, when in doubt, will you take lesson from what Richard Henry Dana wrote in "Two Years Before the Mast?"

"After all, there is nothing in a strange land like a newspaper from home. Even a letter, in many respects, is nothing in comparison with it. It carries you back to the spot better than anything else."

There is more in this today than Dana ever put there.—Collier's Weekly.

British radicals demand the close organization of the workers against war.

No fight is ever over until one side to it quits.

SORE THROAT

or Tonsillitis—gargle with warm, salt water then apply—

VICKS VAPORUB

Hoarding New Bread.

Old Fatwaste was a food hog. He went from shop to shop buying pounds of this and packets of that, and stored these ill gotten gulcs in his larder "for a rainy day." It was a Saturday night, and a neighbor met Fatwaste emerging from a baker's shop loaded with bread to the eyebrows.

The neighbor wanted to know what the mountain of bread was for.

"Oh," said Fatwaste in a whisper, "haven't you heard that new bread mustn't be sold after today? I am just getting a stock of it in."

One bottle of Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" will save you money, time, anxiety and health. One dose sufficient, without Castor Oil in addition. Adv.

Very Bad Taste, We Say.

We have always thought him witty, but now we have discovered that he is merely offensive.

The other day we told him that we were intending to bring out our poems in book form.

"All of 'em?" he asked.

"Well, practically all of them."

"Good!" he grunted. "That's putting 'em where they won't bother anybody."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some men are most talkative when they have nothing to say.

It Has a Horn.

A lesson in natural history had been about the rhinoceros, and the teacher wanted to know how well the lesson had been learned.

"Now, name something," she said, "that is dangerous to go near to and has a horn."

"I know, teacher—I know!" called a small boy.

"Well, what is it?"

"A motor car!" replied the boy.

The better we are, the shorter the war.

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